

# SKATE FATE

BULL  
SHIT  
ISSUE



PUNK  
ROCK  
GIRLS!



MAIL-GRAB

WILD HAIRS.

# Mail Grab



Dear Skate Fate,

Please send me the new July issue of your mag. Enclosed you may find a stamp to cover postage and whatever happened to Coonson! Please do more of him and pals.

Thanks,  
Pat Millikin  
Scottsdale, Arizona  
P.S. More Laars.

Garry,  
Here is a stamp. Could you send me the final issue of Skate Fate? My address is:

Peter Irish  
Va. Beach, Va.

P.S. It's too bad that Skate Fate is no more because it was a great mag.

Please send "Skate Fate".  
Inn here is a 20¢ U.S. Postal Service stamp.

John Bakker  
Carmichael, Ca.

Garry Scott Davis,  
What's up, I just got back from Park Lane Barber shop, got my hair cut. We are going to get a keg and go to some girl's house in Saratoga, lots of batties.

Tomorrow T.S.O.L. is playing in Santa Cruz. I haven't any more white hair left, it's all brown. Aug. 17 '85 Grave is playing downtown, you should come up and then we

①

will go to Del Mar after. It's going to be a big kid & lots of girls.

The Core  
San Jose, Ca.

Please send TWS stickers! S.S.G. will see ya at Capitola! (EDITOR'S NOTE: Corey is now growing up.)

Hey Garry,

I think your latest issue of Skate Fate is pretty good. (July) I like your small talk interviews, especially the one with Lin Lynn-he's a cool skater. The main reason I sent you this letter is to tell you I don't live in Provo Utah 84602 anymore. I got to leave Provo canyon reform school- and move back to California to Palo Alto. Could you please send me any new issues of SKATE FATE to my new address and not send them to "Mormon Land" Utah, here's the address:

Bob Edberg  
Palo Alto, Ca.

Also, I'm sending you a donation of a \$1.00 from my last \$3.25 I have left for the week. I'm a poor skater. Well, this money is to help you send me more SKATE FATE issues in the future. Too tell you the truth, I like reading your mag better than anything like Thrasher. Thrasher mag is too biased toward too many things.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find stamps for the mailing of your magazine to my son, Donny Griffin. Donny is twelve years old and skates at Kona in Jacksonville, Florida.

I got your address from Trends World magazine and I look forward to seeing your magazine as much as he does.

Sincerely,  
Ginger Griffin  
Jacksonville, Florida



EDITOR-Garry S. D.  
WRITERS-Neil Blender, GD  
ARTISTS-NB, GD  
PHOTOS-Grant Brittain  
LAYOUTS-GD

ON THE FRONT: Top amateur Jeff Grosso. JGB photo.  
Skate Fate P.O. Box 6 Cardiff, California 92007  
ISSUE NUMBER 38 AUGUST 1984



... Once worn only by punk rockers, close-cropped spiky hairdos have gone mane-stream; styl-ists on both coasts offer the zany cuts to secretaries, saleswomen and com-puter operators who rush in to lose their locks, sometimes paying up to \$50 for the sheer pleasure. Mr. ... the short hair ...

②

# 4 RULE TALES

by Gerry Davis NON fiction

## PUNK ROCK GIRLS

JULY, 1984

One night this summer I was working on an issue of this xerox crap. I got it most of the way done. I was very tired and not exactly feeling alert. But I decided anyway to go goof around outside and get something for eating. It was by now 2:45 Friday morning. I went outside and put my urethane wheels down in a way that they touched the concrete. I got on and pushed. I rolled the few blocks it took to get down to the beach. The environment there was very cool and dark. I handled my board and walked down the beach for a bit. A minute later, I stopped, and with the tail of my board, I etched the word "punk" deep into the sand. It meant not one thing to me. I then laughed at it and continued my stroll. Moments passed, I kept walking, and to the left, four people sat huddling by a glowing campfire. I passed by them and nothing happened. Okay. A few dozen yards further, I passed three more people who were sitting drinking in the dark. One of them, a female, greeted me:

"Hi there", she said.

"Hello", was my simple reply. I didn't stop walking. I kept going on. A few dozen yards and minutes later, I stopped again to scratch things into the grains with the tail of my board. First of all, I spelled out these three simple words: "A different attitude" into the sand. I then etched out a giant drawing of Winford Thomas's face next to the words. It too meant absolutely nothing to me.

Suddenly, I looked down the beach, back from where I had come. I noted a flashlight flitting about down there in the distance. The beam danced around momentarily and then began to glare at me as I continued to draw in the sand. I didn't think anything of it. I figured it was the same people who were sitting back there, trying to see what I was up to. I kept scribbling and was preparing to write the words: "Stop me" into the beach. It was then that I noticed the flashlight beam moving much closer to me. It was twenty feet away and pretty bright. Seconds later, it was fifteen feet away, and I couldn't tell who or what was behind it. Ten feet away, and it was blinding.

"Hi", a voice, a masculine voice, blurted out.

I said nothing, in return. I didn't know what was going on. I was quite offended, to tell you the truth, by this quite rude person who persisted to shine a very powerful flashlight beam directly into my eyes.

"Hello!", the voice repeated.

"Hi", I finally replied, sort of annoyed. The flashlight beam then veered away from my eyeballs and down onto the ground to reveal my freshly honed drawings. I was finally able, at this time, to view the person behind the bright light. To my ultimate dismay, it was a cop!

"Are you psycho?", the cop blurted out at me after looking at my sand artwork.

"What?", I said, almost in fear.

"Do you have a nickname? Are you Psycho?"

"No", I said.

"Is your name Mark?"

"No, my name is Garry"

"Come with me", the cop ordered. He then picked up my street deck and told me to walk in front of him. As we made our way down the dark beach, he spoke again:

"Have you ever been arrested?"

"Nope", was my only word.

We then walked up a steep asphalt path away from the beach up to a street.

"Did something happen around here?" I asked him.

"Yes" was the one word answer he offered. (NOTE: I love one word answers. They're the best.)

We then, the both of us, walked across this street and the officer made me stand on the curb ten feet in front of his car, looking away from it.

He threw my street deck down on the ground and walked back to his auto. I figured I was really in for it. He started talking. I thought he was talking on the radio, but then he told me to turn around and walk slowly towards the car. It was obvious to me now that he was talking to someone in the back seat.

"Stop right there!", he ordered out at me.

I stopped right in my tracks and looked directly into the back of the cop car. To my astonishment, there were three punk-type females all in the back seat with stupid looking haircuts just like mine.

"Have you ever seen this guy before?", the cop asked the three girls.

"No, never!", they all replied.

Just then, he looked up at me.

"Well, I guess you're free to go. Sorry to have inconvenienced you", he said.

I couldn't believe anything that was happening. What were those girls doing there? What was I doing there? Who cares?

Immediately, I started to walk by the car to leave and the females in the back seat were waving and smiling at me and saying "Hi". So, I just waved my hand and offered them a "Hi" in return. I felt kind of funny. I sort of wanted to stay and talk with these girls and learn their names and numbers so that maybe we could become friends, but I figured mister policeman might get suspicious and/or angry if I started talking to them. So I just stepped onto my street deck and darted down the hill away from the light of the street lamp.

Maybe I'll meet them again someday. I hope so because I like the punkers. HA. They're a pretty interesting bunch.

"A DIFFERENT ATTITUDE"





# VGB

PORTFOLIO

PHILLIPS



CASALINO



LENIR

# ATKINS RHUE

INTERVIEW W/ ATKINS RHUE

**Do you have any parting comments?**

Yes. (Two hours of silence endures).

**What kind of skate do you ride?**

A Blair Kim model. We usually skate Heck's capsule ramp.

**What is your normal skate diet?**

After skating, we usually eat a couple packs of camping knives.

**How do you... oh, wait,...**

I must leave now.

**Drawer.**

**Pardon Mon Affaire?**

We've been getting into slipping lately.

**Tell our readers about disk fighting.**

Go to hell in a wastebasket. When I walk into parties, I always make sure I have a freshly lit cigarette. When I'm photographed, I always make sure I'm holding a cigarette.

**Why is that, gate mouth?**

(Pause, pause, pause...)

Why is that, fence ass? Oh, I'm sorry. Were you talking to me? I think it's time to go start a new project. I'm not done with the one I'm presently doing. I'm not hungry. Why don't we grab a bite to eat?

**Do you think people should respect language?**

A miraculous yes!

**What's ten?**

An idea... or perhaps your bad breath.

**Why skateboarding?**

Alone... fast... motion... self awareness... getting intimate with life. Shut up!

**What's getting intimate with life?**

Doing something so well that you forget it. And yourself. You let it take over to the point where you become the activity. The ultimate skate ride is not a series of maneuvers. The ultimate skate ride is when the series of maneuvers becomes one whole maneuver. No excess movements. Something like that can only come through a mind that is totally reacting and not thinking. Being in perfect sync or synch with the present moment of time, not thinking of anything past or future.



Dickface, if I may? You mentioned that during one contest you got so intuned during your routine that you experienced a sense of timelessness.

Yes, I was skating bumpwood. I was so intune during my routine that I realized that there is no time, there is only now. The eternal now. I want to spend my life in that state.

**Have you ever bathed in cat shit?**

No... I have heard people talk about it's effects on the spine.

**What do you think?**

People are too obsessed with screwing. Getting off.

**What? Aren't you?**

Isn't it supposed to mean something when you do it? Isn't there some depth or intimacy to be shared with another person?

**Will you shut up? Just go out and get laid. Chicks are lame. You need to go out and get laid.**

**Would you be bummed if I re-edited you?**

Let's go do a tute. Huh? Come on! You'll feel charged up!

You know, you are such a looser that you'll probably be very successful. (He didn't understand that comment at all and just kept talking.)

**Tell me now, what are you looking for?**

Willingness and strength through self surrendering.

Why do you say these things? Why don't you just say you are planning on being very successful. You have some hot projects in the works, and that you love your new Mercedes Benz.

Have you ever noticed how every one of us has a totally different and unique ear? That must mean something.

**I can visibly see hating you.**

You should. Hi... nice to meet you... Oh, I wish I could... but I can't tonight... Oh, that's very nice of you to offer but I have other plans... we think you are great but we aren't taking on any new people. I'm very thirsty for an artichoke soda.

**How long have you been skating, kick suck?**

18 years.

—Stacy Peralta

MARK COONSON



2 NEXT DAY...

← SYNTHIA CLAYMORE, 15 YEARS OLD, USED TO BE A LEZ.



3



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**QUOTE OF THE MONTH**  
 "They breed the hate right in your fuckin' bones!"  
 -Corey O'Brien

First, it was a silhouette of Jay Adams, then it was a likeness of the grim reaper holding a street deck, and eventually, it transformed itself into a somewhat dismal fallout shelter sign. So what is the new Skate Fate mascot logo? What does it mean? Well, obviously, "blackballed" is now the major theme. What better symbol than an 8 ball to express the ever-present situation in which the average skateboarder gets kicked out of (blackballed) any and every sort of place or situation he tries to get into? Grocery stores, show halls, hotel rooms, liquor store parking lots, drainage reynes, driveways, bowling alleys, laundromats, shopping malls. You name it and we've been kicked out of it. It doesn't usually fail.

Until next month, don't ever expect anything from anyone, or else you will be hurting.



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BUSINESS CARD OF THE MONTH



it's  
**TRACKER**



**TIMEL**